



# Cambridge IGCSE™

---

**WORLD LITERATURE**

**0408/22**

Paper 2 Unseen

**October/November 2020**

**1 hour 15 minutes**

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

---

## INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **one** question: **either** Question 1 **or** Question 2.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

## INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 25.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

---

This document has **8** pages. Blank pages are indicated.

\*7215483220\*



Answer **either** Question 1 **or** Question 2.

**EITHER**

**1** Read carefully the poem on the opposite page.

**Explore how the poet conveys striking impressions of the city.**

To help you answer, you might consider:

- the images the poet uses to describe the city
- the ways in which the poet captures the sounds of the city
- the impact of the final stanza.

*Hotel Room, 12<sup>th</sup> Floor*

This morning I watched from here  
a helicopter skirting like a damaged insect  
the Empire State Building<sup>1</sup>, that  
jumbo size dentist's drill, and landing  
on the roof of the PanAm skyscraper.  
But now midnight has come in  
from foreign places. Its uncivilised darkness  
is shot at by a million lit windows, all  
ups and acrosses

But midnight is not  
so easily defeated. I lie in bed, between  
a radio and a television set, and hear  
the wildest of warwhoops continually ululating<sup>2</sup> through  
the glittering canyons and gulches<sup>3</sup>—  
police cars and ambulances racing  
to the broken bones, the harsh screaming  
from coldwater flats, the blood  
glazed on sidewalks.

The frontier is never  
somewhere else. And no stockades<sup>4</sup>  
can keep the midnight out.

<sup>1</sup>*Empire State Building / PanAm skyscraper*: tall buildings in New York

<sup>2</sup>ululating: wailing

<sup>3</sup>gulches: steep ravines

<sup>4</sup>stockades: defensive barriers

OR

- 2 Read carefully the following extract about Jim, a 10-year-old boy, who gets separated from his parents in Shanghai after it is invaded by the Japanese. Jim returns to their home to wait for them.

**How does the writer vividly communicate Jim's experience of waiting?**

To help you answer, you might consider:

- the descriptions of Jim's attempts to keep busy
- how the writer describes the empty house as time passes
- the ways in which the writer conveys a sense of loneliness.

Time had stopped in Amherst Avenue, as motionless as the wall of dust that hung across the rooms, briefly folding itself around Jim when he walked through the deserted house. Almost forgotten scents, a faint taste of carpet, reminded him of the period before the war. For three days he waited for his mother and father to return. Every morning he climbed on to the sloping roof above his bedroom window, and gazed over the residential streets in the western suburbs of Shanghai. He watched the columns of Japanese tanks move into the city from the countryside, and tried to repair his blazer, impatient for the first sight of his parents when they returned.

Large numbers of aircraft flew overhead, and Jim passed the hours plane-spotting. Below him was the undisturbed lawn, a little darker each day now that the gardener no longer trimmed the hedges and cut the grass. Jim played there in the afternoons, crawling through the rockery and pretending to be one of the Japanese marines who had attacked the Wake<sup>1</sup>. But the games in the garden had lost their magic, and he spent most of his time on the sofa in his mother's bedroom. Her presence hung on the air like her scent, holding at bay the deformed figure in the fractured mirror. Jim remembered their long hours together doing his Latin homework, and the stories she told him of her childhood in England, a country far stranger than China where he would go to school when the war was over.

In the talcum<sup>2</sup> on the floor around him he could see the imprints of his mother's feet. She had moved from side to side, propelled by an over-eager partner, perhaps one of the Japanese officers to whom she was teaching the tango<sup>3</sup>. Jim tried out the dance steps himself, which seemed far more violent than any tango he had ever seen, and managed to fall and cut his hand on the broken mirror.

As he sucked the wound he remembered his mother teaching him to play mah-jong<sup>4</sup>, and the cryptic coloured tiles that clicked in and out of the mahogany walls. Jim thought of writing a book about mah-jong, but he had forgotten most of the rules. On the drawing room carpet he heaped a pile of bamboo stakes from the green house, and began to build a man-lifting kite according to the scientific principles his father had taught him. But the Japanese patrols in Amherst Avenue would see the kite flying from the garden. Putting it aside, Jim ambled about the empty house, and watched the water level almost imperceptibly falling in the swimming pool.

The food in the refrigerator had begun to give off an ominous smell, but the pantry cupboards were filled with tinned fruit, cocktail biscuits and pressed meats, delicacies that Jim adored. He ate his meals at the dining room table, sitting in his usual place. In the evenings, when it seemed unlikely that his parents would come home that day, he went to sleep in his bedroom on the top floor of the house, one of his model aircraft on the bed beside him, something always forbidden. Then the dreams of war came to him, and all the battleships of the Japanese Navy sailed up the Yangtze<sup>5</sup>, their guns firing as they sank the *Petrel*<sup>6</sup>, and he and his father saved the wounded sailors.

On the fourth morning, when he came down to breakfast, Jim found that he had forgotten to turn off a kitchen tap and all the water had flowed from the storage tank. The pantry was amply stocked with soda water, but by now he had accepted that his mother and father would not be coming home. He stared through the veranda windows at the overgrown garden. It was not that war changed everything – in fact, Jim thrived on change – but that it left things the same in odd and unsettling ways. Even the house seemed sombre, as if it was withdrawing from him in a series of small and unfriendly acts.

- <sup>1</sup>*Wake*: an American gunboat seized by the Japanese  
<sup>2</sup>*talcum*: scented powder  
<sup>3</sup>*tango*: a dramatic dance  
<sup>4</sup>*mah-jong*: a game  
<sup>5</sup>*Yangtze*: the river in Shanghai  
<sup>6</sup>*Petrel*: a British warship attacked by the Japanese

**BLANK PAGE**

**BLANK PAGE**

**BLANK PAGE**

---

Permission to reproduce items where third-party owned material protected by copyright is included has been sought and cleared where possible. Every reasonable effort has been made by the publisher (UCLES) to trace copyright holders, but if any items requiring clearance have unwittingly been included, the publisher will be pleased to make amends at the earliest possible opportunity.

To avoid the issue of disclosure of answer-related information to candidates, all copyright acknowledgements are reproduced online in the Cambridge Assessment International Education Copyright Acknowledgements Booklet. This is produced for each series of examinations and is freely available to download at [www.cambridgeinternational.org](http://www.cambridgeinternational.org) after the live examination series.

Cambridge Assessment International Education is part of the Cambridge Assessment Group. Cambridge Assessment is the brand name of the University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate (UCLES), which itself is a department of the University of Cambridge.